

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

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LONDON OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK HERALD—NO. 46 FLEET STREET.

Subscriptions and advertisements will be received and forwarded on the same terms as in New York.

VOLUME XL.....NO. 33

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

STEINWAY HALL.
Fourteenth street—“HIGGINS & NEWELL.” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Howard Mission Children.

GERMANIA THEATRE.
Fourteenth street—“DIE KRAUEN DOCTOREN,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

PARK THEATRE.
Broadway—“FRANCIS BLOOM—GROFFLE-GROFFLE,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Mile. Coralie Gouffroy.

BROADWAY—“TUMBLE TON’S CABIN,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Edwin F. Thorne.

COLONIAL THEATRE.
Broadway—“THE SHAGBATH,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Two exhibitions daily, at 2 and 8 P. M.

BOOTH’S THEATRE.
corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue—“HENRY IV,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M. Mr. Rignold.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Broadway, corner of Twenty-third street—“NEGRO MINSTRELS,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

ROBINSON HALL.
Sixteenth street—“THE LITTLE CAME,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Mr. Macaboe.

ACADEMY OF DESIGN.
corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue—“EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOR PAINTINGS,” Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. and from 8 P. M. to 9 P. M.

TIVOLI THEATRE.
Eighty street, between Second and Third avenues—“VARIETY,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

WALLACK’S THEATRE.
Broadway—“THE SHAGBATH,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Mr. Boucicault.

WOOD’S MUSEUM.
Broadway, corner of Third street—“SCHNEIDER,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Matinee at 2 P. M.

BROOKLYN THEATRE.
Washington street—“HELENE,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Mrs. Ada Gaudis.

STADT THEATRE.
BOWERY—“OPPERA HOUSE,” at 8 P. M. Miss Lina May.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
No. 23 Broadway—“VARIETY,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Matinee at 2 P. M.

ROMAN HIPPODROME.
Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue—Afternoon and evening, at 2 and 8 P. M.

THEATRE COMIQUE.
No. 514 Broadway—“VARIETY,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Matinee at 2 P. M.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Twenty-eighth street and Broadway—“THE BIG BO-NANZA,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Mr. Lewis.

TONY PASTOR’S OPERA HOUSE.
No. 201 Bowery—“VARIETY,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
Forth street, between Second and Third avenues—“PICKWICK,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Mr. J. L. Toole.

SOMERVILLE ART GALLERY.
Fifth avenue and Fortieth street—“FREE EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOURS.”

BROOKLYN PARK THEATRE.
Fulton avenue—“VARIETY,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

RYAN’S OPERA HOUSE.
West Twenty-third street—“NEGRO MINSTRELS,” at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M. Dan Bryant.

TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1875.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be warmer and cloudy or rainy.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—The stock market was excited and prices were generally lower. Gold, 114½. Foreign exchange steady. Money easy at 2½ and 3 per cent on call.

THE LAST REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA is ended, but no one knows when the next one will begin.

THE LEGISLATURE has no subject before it this session more important than that of rapid transit for New York. We give elsewhere a summary of the bills to that end which will be presented for its action.

THE SEAR OF PERSIA and the Irish Rifle Team take an interest in the Centennial Exhibition. There is no reason to doubt its complete success when such opposite examples of appreciation are disclosed.

THE EXECUTION OF ORTEWINE, the murderer of the Hammet family in Western Pennsylvania, took place yesterday. This murder resembled that committed by Probst several years ago in Philadelphia in its motive and its method, and in both cases a full confession was made. Our correspondence from Pittsburgh contains a full account of the crime and of the execution.

THE BECHER TRIAL yesterday took a different turn from that which was anticipated by the public. The plaintiff rested his case after the cross-examination of Mrs. Moulton was concluded, and it is to be inferred that if Mr. Tilton has other witnesses they will be reserved for the rebuttal of the testimony for the defence. To-day Mr. Tracy is expected to begin the answer for Mr. Beecher. The plaintiff thus far rests the case upon the direct testimony of five witnesses—his own, Mr. Moulton’s, Mrs. Moulton’s, Kate Carey’s and Mr. Richards’. General Tracy’s course will be awaited with intense interest.

MAYOR WICKHAM AND GOVERNOR TILDEN.—The issue between the Mayor and the Governor is not political, as both were lifted into office by the tidal wave which swept the republican party in New York from power. We print to-day important documents relating to the grave issue which has been raised in respect to the removal of the Corporation Counsel and the Fire Commissioners. The letter of Mayor Wickham to the Governor is supplemented by the opinion of Mr. Charles O’Conor, and we give to the public the facts and arguments in this important case.

The Closing Days of a Misapprehension.

For the long period of fourteen years the republican party has maintained an uninterrupted ascendancy in both houses of Congress and has been able to pass every legislative measure on which the party was agreed. It is about to part with an advantage so long enjoyed, and after the little remnant of eight working days, crowded with unfinished business, the Forty-third Congress will adjourn, leaving the political organization which has controlled it and its six immediate predecessors in the position of a stranded ship. During the wasted session, which is so soon to terminate, the party has had an opportunity to retrieve at least partially its broken and sinking fortunes; but the chance has been squandered by lack of sagacious leadership. The new Currency act, which is the only one that wears even the simulated outside form of an important measure, is regarded in all intelligent circles as a hollow humbug, which, under a false pretence of remedy, leaves the financial situation unchanged and every evil which the business of the country suffers unredressed. Aside from this legislative sham Congress has allowed the session to glide away without passing any bill which even looks to the relief of the business community or to the settlement of the political questions that disturb the public tranquillity.

The Tariff and Tax bill, which has engaged the attention of the House for the last week, is exposed to serious objections in its details; but the most extraordinary and damaging thing of all is the confession by its advocates that this party which has so long controlled Congress has brought the Treasury to the brink of bankruptcy, and that unless they can pass this ill-digested measure the President will have to call an extra session of a hostile Congress to enable the government to keep faith with its creditors. What more conspicuous proof could the republican party give of its improvidence and incompetency than the necessity of a makeshift to save the Treasury from approaching bankruptcy? By whose want of foresight, incompetency and mismanagement has the government been brought to so humiliating a pass? It is high time for a party to “step down and out” when it makes this practical confession of the justice of the sentence passed upon it in the last elections. By its amazing imbecility during this session it has forfeited its only remaining opportunity and “sinned away its day of grace.”

The contrast between the boastful republican stump speeches in the last Presidential canvass and the republican side of the recent debates in Congress is like “a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.” The people have not forgotten the appeals to their confidence and admiration which were made by the supporters of Grant when he was a candidate for re-election. It was proclaimed on every stump and reiterated in every party organ that the success of our fiscal policy was the most splendid achievement of modern finance—a sort of eighth wonder of the world. The prodigious reduction of the public debt during Grant’s first term was the chief electioneering topic of that campaign. We were pointed to a full and overflowing Treasury, to Boutwell’s weekly sales of surplus gold and purchases of government bonds, to the great reduction of the interest account in consequence of President Grant and his party having diminished the debt at the rate of a hundred million dollars a year. And, to set off the brightness of this picture by contrast with a dark background, the republican statesmen and stump speakers painted in the gloomiest colors of foreboding eloquence what would happen to the finances of the country if poor Mr. Greeley should be elected and a democratic Congress come in with him. Never was a bragging comparison so put to shame. Every financial evil which was hypothetically predicted under Greeley actually overtook the country under Grant. It was said that if the opposition succeeded the payments of the public debt would stop. The payments have stopped, but poor Mr. Greeley and his supporters are not answerable. It was said that a swift and desolating panic would come during the first year after Greeley’s inauguration. A swift and desolating panic did come within the year of the inauguration; but it happened to be Grant’s inauguration, and not Greeley’s. It was said that great business houses would go down, that our manufacturing and mining industries would be arrested and hundreds of thousands of deserving laborers be thrown out of employment—all of which has come true, but under the very régime which was held forth and extolled as a sure protection against it. The swelling financial boasts of the Presidential campaign are very fresh in the public recollection by their prominence, their recentness, and the short period that intervened before thick-coming disasters made them ridiculous. It is a great and decent from all that electioneering panegyric to the language of distress and danger now heard in Congress from the same mouths on the necessity of a makeshift tax bill to save the Treasury from bankruptcy and the nation from dishonor.

Oh, what a falling off is here, my countrymen! For the last few days the republicans of Congress have been anxiously canvassing and deliberating as to whether their makeshift fiscal measures or their measures relating to the Southern States shall take precedence in the order of business. That is to say, it has become a serious question, under their management, whether the South has not fallen into such a condition of anarchy as to require redress even at the risk of losing the appropriation bills. This doubt involves as serious and damaging a confession as does the debate over a hand-to-mouth tax bill to save the Treasury from bankruptcy in the interval between the retirement of this republican Congress and the first regular session of its democratic successor. It is ten years since the close of the war, and during this period the republicans have been attempting or pretending to rehabilitate the South, politically and industrially, and they practically confess that their policy has been so egregiously a failure that it is a debatable question whether new remedies are not of more urgent importance than the wants of a Treasury which approaches the verge of bankruptcy. The patient has grown constantly worse under their treatment, and, by their own showing, is in a more dangerous condition than ever. How could the republican party more emphatically pass upon itself a sentence of condemnation than by this practical confession that its Southern policy has utterly failed? The republican party is about to retire from the government, leaving the country in a condition like that of an estate which has run down under a long lease to a bad tenant. The projects which divide its attention in the last hours of its supremacy are incontestable proofs of its unfitness to govern the country.

We conclude from our latest Washington intelligence that Congress is about to decide to pass its patchwork finance measures and submit to the loss of the political bills. If the republicans adopt this course there will, of course, be no extra session. The President will not think of assembling a Congress through which no measure can be passed without the consent of his political opponents and ask it to legislate on the Southern question. If the appropriation bills should fail he might be driven to the necessity of calling an extra session to provide for the wants of the Treasury; but he would not wish to thus proclaim the incompetency of a Congress of his own supporters close upon the heels of its adjournment. It is probable, therefore, that the fiscal bills will be taken up and disposed of, and by the time that is done the sands of the session will have run out.

The Report of the Louisiana Committee.

The majority report is brief, clear, convincing, and too compact for condensation without impairing its force. Referring readers to the document itself for the facts and arguments we will merely state the conclusions of the committee. On one great and vital point the committee are unanimous. The members who sign the majority report and those who subscribe the minority report agree in saying, with no limitation and strong emphasis, that the proceedings and decisions of the late Returning Board were illegal. The whole committee unite in affirming that the Returning Board awarded seats to candidates for the Legislature who had no valid title, and deprived others of seats whose election was clearly established by the returns. Among all the members of the committee there is not one who pretends to justify, or even to palliate, the action of the Returning Board in cooking up a fictitious republican majority in the new House of Representatives, when the majority in fact and in law belonged to the conservatives. The committee who come to this unanimous conclusion on the cardinal point of the recent controversy are too forbearing and respectful to the President to draw the necessary inference which follows from their judgment of the Returning Board. The omitted logical inference is that the action of the army on January 4 was a wanton and meddlesome exertion of illegal military force to give effect to the indefensible action of the Returning Board, and deprive the party which had succeeded in the election of the just fruits of its victory. It hence follows that even without any compromise the conservatives are entitled to the lower house of the Legislature and cannot be deprived of it without manifest injustice, deliberately persevered in with full knowledge.

While the whole committee are constrained to admit that the action of the Returning Board was illegal and indefensible, the minority attempt to show that intimidation was practised upon the colored voters, the minority thus going behind the actual returns and speculating on what they might have been in the absence of the alleged intimidation. Never was a pretence more completely exploded and demolished by facts than this is in the report of the majority. They show that the colored registration exceeded the true colored vote; that the census of 1870 showed 87,076 white and 86,913 colored males over twenty-one years of age, and that the colored registration was four thousand in excess of the census, and the white registration was ten thousand less than the census. This fact alone upsets and refutes the charge of intimidation by the conservative side.

Neither branch of the committee investigated the election of 1872, and their opinions of its validity are mere impressions, founded on sources of information open to everybody. Five of the seven members, including all the republicans, incline to recognize Kellogg, while the two democrats agree with the Senate committee who investigated the subject two years ago, that Kellogg has no shadow of a legal title to the office. The chief difficulty which obstructs the compromise, of which there has been so much talk, relates to the official status of Kellogg. The republicans insist that he be acknowledged as the legal Governor in return for an admission on their part that the conservatives are entitled to the recently chosen Legislature. The democrats think they should not purchase their unquestionable right to the lower branch of the Legislature by conceding the bogus title of “Governor” to Kellogg. Practically it is certain that the President will continue to uphold Kellogg, and for the sake of the tranquillity of this vexed and misgoverned State we hope the compromise may be effected.

Mr. Green and the City Treasury.

Investigations seem to be the order of the day, and Mr. Green cannot complain that he is the subject of neglect. The Law Committee of the Board of Aldermen yesterday resumed its inquiry in regard to his alleged official misconduct, and the evidence was to a great extent unfavorable to the distinguished defendant. The Herald has again and again been obliged to inquire into the mystery of Mr. Green’s immunity from a fair investigation, and is glad to find that Mr. Van Nort, the committee, Mr. Rowe and the witnesses generally, seem to be uninfluenced by the panic which the Comptroller has tried to create. We trust that Mayor Wickham and Governor Tilden will profit by the example set yesterday by the Board of Aldermen. We see no reason why Mr. Green’s accounts should not be laid before the public, nor why he should claim the right to conceal the documents which tell the history of his impeached administration. There is no merchant in the city of New York who would permit his bookkeeper to preserve the singular secrecy upon which the Comptroller insists, and yet Mr. Green is little more than a bookkeeper for the taxpayers of the metropolis. Let him show his figures, produce his books, tell his story and answer to the demands of the indignant public. But his policy of silence cannot be sustained, and we are

glad to see that the Board of Aldermen is disposed to extort the truth and to put an end to the defiance of the lawfully constituted authorities, who simply ask from Mr. Green a plain and exhaustive statement of his mysterious department. The public is not satisfied with Mr. Green’s apologies—it asks for his official accounts.

The French Senate Bill Passed.

During the session of the French Assembly yesterday the Senate bill was considered clause by clause, in detail, and passed. The main provisions of this important measure are reported in our columns by cable. The Senators are to be elected by colleges, the Assembly, the municipalities, the departmental bodies, and thus by deputation the people at large will be represented. The Senatorial term of office is to be of different periods of duration, so that there will be an infusion of new members every now and then after the lapse of the first few years subsequent to the operation of the bill. The Senators chosen by the Assembly are to be irremovable. Vacancies by death, resignation or other causes, before the expiration of the Senatorial term, are to be filled by the Senate. The Senate may become a high court of justice for the trial of the President or his Ministers, and other functions of the most serious import for the future government of France have been accorded to the body. As the office of President is now created by law the Senate is one of the necessary factors. Napoleon I., adroitly advised by Talleyrand, found the *Senatus consultum* almost as useful as his nephew found the *plebiscitum*, and it is naturally apprehended that such a body once more established as the adjunct of a military executive may so far lose its sympathetic relations with popular impulses as to regard them only with hostility. But although such a possibility is before them the pressure to take a Senate as the condition of getting the Republic is clear, and leaves their line of conduct as well defined as that of a gentleman who accepts the large estate that has been bequeathed him, even though there are some encumbrances.

Advice Gratis to the Cuban Patriots.

Our deep sympathy with the inhabitants of Cuba and desire that they shall be prosperous and happy lead us to make a suggestion to Colonel Manuel Anastasio Aguilera, Colonel Rio Rosado, President F. V. Aguilera, Mr. José Joaquín Sorantes, and the remainder of the Cuban patriots who assembled in this city recently to determine on “the best means of assisting their struggling brethren in Cuba,” and we feel emboldened to offer our suggestion by the fact that, simple as it is, it does not appear hitherto to have occurred to them. The best way for these “Cuban patriots” to help their struggling brethren is to get over to Cuba at once and fight the Spaniards. We believe it to be not only the best but the only way. There are between twenty and thirty thousand able-bodied “Cuban patriots” now living in the United States. While they remain here they secure their own safety, to be sure, but they do not help Cuban independence or injure Spain. Their meetings and resolutions, indeed, are an injury to their “struggling brethren,” for our practical people get a poor opinion of patriots who never get further than resolutions. Lorenzo Dow, of whom perhaps Colonel Manuel Anastasio Aguilera has never heard, used to say:—“Giving to the poor is lending to the Lord; if you like the security, down with the money.” We advise the “Cuban patriots” to act on Dow’s principles. When they next hold a meeting let them resolve that every man present at it will go at once to Cuba, with a revolver and a pocket full of ammunition. There is no difficulty about this. If they can land a keg of powder they can land a man. And if all the Cuban patriots in this country should take our advice the Spaniards would be driven into the sea in sixty days, amid the applause of a world which, no matter what its prejudices may be, always admires courage and success. Meantime we advise the Cuban patriots in this country to hold no more meetings. Our people like Cuban patriots in Cuba. But the Cuban patriot in New York is getting to be, to use a California phrase, a little monotonous.

David A. Wells for Congress.

There is some talk that the democrats of the Third Congressional district in Connecticut will nominate David A. Wells, its distinguished writer on finance, against Henry H. Starkweather, the present member, who will be a candidate for re-election. We should be glad to think that the Connecticut democrats will do anything so sensible; but the example of their brethren of Missouri in rejecting so able, eloquent and accomplished a statesman as Senator Schurz does not give a very hopeful idea of the wisdom of the party. There are no two men in the country better qualified for usefulness in Congress than these two liberal republicans, Schurz and Wells. As the Third Congressional district is the republican stronghold in Connecticut, and a regular democratic candidate would have hardly a chance of success, Mr. Wells may perhaps get the nomination, and if he does he will give Mr. Starkweather a lively contest. Wells is a very taking popular speaker; if he stumps the district he will make a great impression and, if elected, will at once take rank as the ablest member of the House on the important range of questions to which he has devoted himself. Mr. Wells and Mr. Starkweather are fellow townsmen, being both residents of Norwich; and although, if Wells is nominated, the contest between them will be sharp and vigorous, we are sure that it will also be good-tempered and courteous.

MR. SHARKEY, who escaped from a prison in New York, has succeeded in getting into a prison in Havana. He is evidently dissatisfied with his freedom, and is, perhaps, anxious to be returned to this city, where his presence has been long desired by the authorities.

THE CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.—The rise of the thermometer from almost an average of zero to over fifty degrees has had a great effect upon the comfort of the public. The ice has almost disappeared, but the slush, unless removed, is likely to have a bad effect upon the general health, especially in the development of typhoid disease. The extraordinary changes of this climate should cause our citizens to be particularly careful in dress and exposure to the weather.

A Hope of General Grant’s Resignation.

We have at last reason to believe, or at least to hope, that at no distant day, perhaps on the 4th of March, General Grant will gratify the people of the United States by leaving the Presidency.

There has lately sailed from San Francisco for an island group in the Pacific, in a United States man-of-war, an intimate friend and favorite of the President, one A. B. Steinberger. He goes on a mysterious mission to the Samoan Archipelago, of which, less than a year ago, he brought to the White House a description as glowing as that which the poets used to give us of the fabled Isle of Atlantis.

These islands are clad in the freshest and most enduring verdure. Their shores are umbrageous with the majestic cocoanut palm. Their steep mountain sides bear the nutmeg—of a spurious kind, to be sure, he remarks, but that does not matter for the project we are about to hint at. Their forests, according to Mr. Steinberger, harbor that celebrated bird the do-do, well known to be the primordial type, as Darwin would say, of which Jim Fisk, Shepherd, Casey, Williams, Kellogg and others of the best known friends of His Excellency are but varieties, or “sports,” to use the language of men of science. Finally, and to conclude an over-long catalogue of charms, all the inhabitants of these islands are pious, and most of them are Methodists.

In what follows we wish to be understood as speaking not by authority or from information received from General Grant himself. His Excellency, as everybody knows, is a reticent person, not given to bruying his designs abroad. He fails, even, sometimes to consult his Cabinet before he acts. He, no doubt, intended that his friend Steinberger should sail as secretly as he intends to follow him. But in these days it is difficult for even the most astute men to conceal their designs from a vigilant and unsleeping press. Nor was the good Steinberger’s mystery difficult to penetrate. He gabbles, unfortunately; and thus we know that he sailed in company not only of a momentous purpose but of a field howitzer, a quantity of small arms and ammunition and, so far as we are informed, unlimited powers to form a government suitable to the habits and wishes of the illustrious and interesting colonists who are to follow him. He possesses, besides, we have reason to believe, a supply of flannel nightgowns and a colonel’s commission. At least he has made himself known as “Colonel” Steinberger. Fortunate man! His promotion is likely to be as rapid as that of “Colonel” Fred Grant. Let us hope that his military career may be as free from danger.

By this time, we suspect, the design of General Grant is understood as well by our quick-witted readers as by ourselves. Happy man! We already see him, the cares of an ungrateful South and a disrespectful North flung aside, the Continent traversed in a luxurious Pullman car, careering across the deep blue waters of the Pacific to grasp his island kingdom. We see him landing on the umbrageous beach at Pango Pango and wiping the perspiration from his brow as he receives the adulation and the gifts of the chiefs of Samoa, who will crawl down from their mountain fastnesses on their hands and knees to welcome their great sovereign. We imagine him closing the audience with the noble words, “Let us have peace!” and thereupon taking the whole of the islands into his royal possession. We fancy him as he rests at eventide in the royal hammock or disports himself in the milkwarm surf, happy in the consciousness that henceforth neither an impertinent and meddling Congress nor an injudicious, not to say malevolent, press can trouble him and that he may at last carry out, unobstructed, the great plans of government which he has pondered in the past.

What pleasant and useful days he will spend in “directing the employment” of the cocoanut, the poi plant—a kind of rhubarb, we suppose, of which a patent medicine might be made—and the “spurious nutmeg,” by the traffic in which he might expect to pay any national debt which he may create. He will be able to send General Babcock to Fiji and Rorotonga to conclude treaties of annexation without fear of a Sumner to defeat his well chosen designs. He will allure the Australian steamers to his royal port of Pango Pango by the promise of a subsidy which shall not subsidize them. He would be sure to reform the civil service of Samoa, and, unhappily, he should find that there, as here, “generally the support which this reform receives is from those who give their support only to find fault when the rules are apparently departed from,” he will naturally declare such recalcitrant faultfinders banditti and hand them over to be eaten by the truly loyal, with whom they will, on that occasion, let us hope, agree.

Well, we shall not part with General Grant without regret. We have not always been able to agree with him; but on the whole we can honestly say that no one has been more anxious for his success and good fame than the Herald. We have been

To his faults a little blind,
And to his virtues ever kind,
or words to that effect. And as we have not failed to give him good advice in every emergency of his Presidential career, so now, at its conclusion, when, as we hope, he is about, to use the words of an eminent divine, to “step down and out,” we respectfully counsel him, if he means to have a cabinet in Samoa, to take Judge Pierpont with him as Secretary of State. The Judge has long felt himself called by nature to that position, and in Samoa we have no doubt he would do well. Here in the United States people naturally prefer Hamilton Fish.

THE RESULTS of the recent labors of the Commissioners in the principal departments of the city are set forth in our local reports.

DEATH ON THE SLEDGE.—The artists of the Middle Ages delighted to portray death intruding unexpectedly into life, into its pleasures and occupations, and the “Dances of Death,” by Holbein, Durer and others, embody many singular lessons of mortality. We print to-day a painful contrast of pleasure and sudden death in the story of the fatal catastrophe of a coasting party in Meriden, Conn. Death came upon them with a tiger leap, and joy was converted in an instant into mourning. Albert Durer might have painted the exultant skeleton guiding the rapid sledge and triumphing over his laughing and thoughtless companions.

The Blessings of Royalty.

It is interesting to read that the Sultan of Turkey is in the enjoyment of an income of ten millions of dollars a year, and that his entertainments are fabulous for their splendor, variety and quantity. No one knows how many dishes he has at every dinner, and the correspondents are constantly instructing us about the progress of his new palace. These announcements coming to us immediately after the graphic description of the return of King Alfonso to Madrid, and his increasing the donation to the clergy by several millions a year—although Spain cannot pay the interest on its debt, and is borrowing money from every pawnbroker’s shop in Europe—are gratifying evidences of the extension of the royal system. But it is painful to observe in Turkey that the liberality of a sultan does not produce more happiness to his people. A subscription is now under way in England to relieve the distresses of the inhabitants of Asia Minor. “Over an area of forty thousand square miles there were more than ten thousand persons,” says an English journal, “who died for want of food. The distress is increasing rapidly, and the large portion of the population that survive only survive upon herbs, grass and the skins of animals.” The efforts of the Turkish government have not been able to check this famine, nor is there any reason why it should exist. Asia Minor is a country, according to the *Saturday Review*, “rich in all natural resources, once alive with the most buoyant activity, favored above other countries, facing on the sea, which has been withering away under the deadly grasp of the Turks.” The evidence shows that misgovernment, corruption and diverting the resources of the country from their true sources of benefit to the people underlie this famine. We saw something of the same in Persia, whose monarch left a starving people, to scatter diamonds over Europe. Even in the best governed countries there will be famines, or periods of want, great natural disasters. In our own country we have had misfortunes arising from floods and prolonged drought and grasshopper plagues. But our system of government always arrests the evil before it becomes a national calamity. England, by the exercise of the wisest and highest statesmanship, arrested the stupendous Indian famine before it gained headway, and saved that rich and interesting Empire from a terrible calamity. But famines from misgovernment, as is the case in Asia Minor, are crimes on the part of a monarch which have no parallel in the calendar of crime.

In looking into this Asian famine, this Carlist war, the famine in Persia and many other events in our own generation, arising from the misgovernment and ambition of monarchs and aspirants to monarchical power, the question arises whether all the crimes attributed to mad republicans in their moments of passion and vengeance would be a drop in the bucket compared to the crimes that can be attributed to the royal system since the beginning of civilization. The famine in Asia Minor will pass away and be forgotten in a short time, but no one ceases to remember the excesses of the French Revolution. Yet which is the greater crime against humanity?

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Ice has cornered the fish market. Prosecution closed and Bowen not in yet. He’s “so so” for slippery.
Judge Charles L. Woodbury, of Boston, is staying at the New York Hotel.
Major D. M. Halbert, of Binghamton, is registered at the St. Nicholas Hotel.
Edward Learned, of Pittsfield, Mass., arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night.
The subscriptions for the Paris loan amounted to forty-two times the sum asked for.
Captain Z. L. Tanner, of the steamship *Coloia*, is quartered at the Metropolitan Hotel.
Chancellor John V. L. Pruyn arrived at the Brevoort House last evening from Albany.
Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, is residing temporarily at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Beecher is the happiest man out of politics.
Colfax the happiest man out of politics.
The Chevalier Des Grieux and Manon Lescaut are now called the Paul and Virginia of Bohemia.
His Excellency the President has nominated John Bruce to be United States District Judge for Alabama.

Meers, John G. Sinclair and John M. Bill, of New Hampshire, are sojourning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Mr. F. W. Dwight, Superintendent of the Montreal Telegraph Company, is stopping at the New York Hotel.
No three men taken at random anywhere seem to agree on the Beecher case, and how then shall we agree?
Lieutenant Cameron’s map of Lake Tanganyika, showing the whole coast line in great detail, has reached England.
Mr. H. B. Hurlbut, Vice President of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway Company, is at the Windsor Hotel.
In London they are advertising “Prince Bismarck’s sauce for fish, flesh and fowl.” They should get from the Pope a certificate of its excellence.

“Manon Lescaut,” adapted to the stage by Barriere and Fournier, and announced as a “new comedy,” was first played not less than twenty years ago.

In an English town twenty barrels of gunpowder were taken from a shop and put in a cart. The driver mounted, sat on one barrel, lighted his pipe and drove away. Conclusion by next mail.
The Roman Catholics of Germany have resolved to demonstrate their unflinching allegiance to the Holy See by a pilgrimage to Rome, in which deputations from every diocese in the Empire are to take part.

There is some apprehension in regard to the Queen’s constitution. One of the judges of the Queen’s Bench recently used the word “cheise” for “cheat.” There is a slight hope that it may have been a joke.

That kind of emotional madness which the revivalists call religion will flourish in London this season as special edifices are in course of erection in different parts of the metropolis under the auspices of Moody and Sankey.

Although Tennyson’s verses are a fortune to him Great Britain still boasts some of the old fashioned sort of poets—and one of these died in the Porthouse at Paisley a short time since. His name was William Alexander.

The latest “sweet thing” from Paris in the way of headwear is “the baby hat,” made in quite the infantile style, with a soft crown and plenty of lace and colored bows. It is pretty on young faces, but may not become Susan B. Anthony.
It is funny that some keen Americans should, in Paris, turn up as green as boys from the country in the hands of our city sharpeners. Paris papers recount the case of a rich American swindled by two ex-Paris acquaintances out of \$10,000 by a confidence game.
Lucky Forney, while he was enjoying the festivities of London society as a Centennial big gun, the *Morning Post* published an American letter, with an account of the Pacific Mail subsidy, including that item of \$25,000. Well, J. W. was misspelled into “Mr. Torrey.”